# MORE MONEY!

OR,

# ODES OF INSTRUCTION

TO

# Mr. *PITT*:

WITH

A VARIETY of other CHOICE MATTERS.

BY

*PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

581.h.22
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> ——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
> *Auri ſacra fames?* Virgil.
>
> O Gold! thou precious faſcinating evil,
> Say, with what ſoul thou haſt not play'd the devil?

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> *Flectere ſi nequeo Superos,* Acheronta *movebo.* Virgil.
>
> Go to the Houſe—beg, threaten, nay, *compel* for't:
> We muſt have Money, though we ſhake all Hell for't.

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READER,

*The rumour of an intended and ſpeedy application to Parliament for more Money for the* KING, *gave birth to the following Odes. Though by no means an advocate for Mr.* Payne's *violent ſyſtem of Revolution, I am too much the* POET OF THE PEOPLE, *not to ſing for a* Reformation. *To the* ODES *is ſubjoined a ſort of make-weight Poetry. As the Pieces are alluded to in the* ODES, *I deemed it not amiſs to publiſh them—To be ſure, they add to the* price *as well as the* bulk *of the Pamphlet; but, as I ſtill profeſs myſelf free from political corruption, notwithſtanding a wicked report to the contrary, (for* GREAT POETS *as well as* GREAT KINGS *may be traduced) I flatter myſelf that thou wilt be proud of the opportunity of paying a ſmall tribute to* PUBLIC VIRTUE.

P. P.

# ODES

# TO

# Mr. *PITT*, &c.

## ODE I.

MORE Money wanted !—'tis a brazen lie ;
'Tis Opposition's diſappointed cry ;
A poiſon'd ſhaft to wound the beſt of Kings—
More Money ! 'tis a poor invented ſtory,
To cloud with dire diſgrace the King of Glory—
Damn'd ſheers to clip his Fame's exalted wings.

More Money !—'tis a little dirty tale,
To ſink of popularity the gale.

That waſts the name of George to utmoſt earth;
A ſnake that ſhould be ſtrangled in its birth.

More Money!—'tis a Party-trick ſo mean,
To make us ſick of our good King and Queen!
We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
That make the State a field devour'd by *wants:
The ruſt that eats the cannon—the rank weed
That dares the veſſel's courſe ſublime impede;
The worm that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
And opes the world of waters for its fate;
A ſpreading cancer that demands the knife;
That, wolf-like, preys upon the Nation's life.

More Money!—what a ſound!—the ſolemn bell
That tolls the Conſtitution's knell.

Clap

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* Another word for a Mole.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
For loading ſpotleſs Majeſty with wrongs:
Nay, tear thoſe tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poiſon'd ſouls.
The Monarch ſcorns to aſk a penny more—
Tax'd to the eyes, his groans the State deplore:
Away, then, DEFAMATION's baleful breath,
That blows on VIRTUE's bud, the blight of death.

Yet *ſhould* it happen that the Beſt of Kings
*Should* whiſper to his Miniſter *ſtrange things*,
And bid thee Money aſk, the tempting curſe;
Then *firmly* THOU, the Nation's ſteward, ſay
(With rev'rence due to Royalty, I pray),
" Dread Sir, have mercy on your People's purſe.

" O King,

“ O King, your calculations have miſled ye :
“ Millions on millions you have had already.
“ Oh! let *DISCRETION from the Virtue band
“ Be call'd to Court, to take you by the hand.

“ You really do not know how rich you are :
“ Your wealth ſo wond'rous makes your ſubjects ſtare—
  “ Squeez'd from great cities, towns, and hovels :
“ HAWKSB'RY and COUTTS can ſhow ſuch heaps of treaſure,
“ Such loads of guineas for the royal pleaſure,
  “ Heav'd into iron cheſts with ſhovels !
“ Then how can Majeſty be poor ?
“ Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er.”

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* This is fruitleſs advice, I fear—The PASSIONS are too powerful for the *gentle* VIRTUES. See my beautiful Addreſs to thoſe LADIES in this Work.

# O D E  II.

SAY to the King (but with profound reſpect,
For who would manners unto Kings neglect?)
" Dread Sir, to Hoſpitals you little grant,
" Your magic Name ſupplying every want—
" And then how ſeldom 'tis you give a treat!
" And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
" The ſtomachs of your favour'd Few to fill—
" And butchers ſwear 'tis very pretty meat.

" And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs;
" And beat old BAKEWELL* in the breed of rams,
" And never wiſh to keep a thing for finery:
" Thus are parterres of Richmond and of Kew
" Dug up for bull and cow and ram and ewe,
" And Windſor Park, ſo glorious, made a ſwinery.

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* We have more reverence than to ſay, a *Brother* Grazier of the North.

" And lo, your Dairy thriving, let me ſay,
" As not *one* drop of milk is giv'n away—
" So ſays your little Dairy-Maid ſo ſweet,
" Whoſe beauties many a ſmile ſo gracious meet;
" And ſmiling like the blooming May,
" Who ſhows the milk-ſcore ev'ry day.
" How then can Majeſty be poor?
" Your cheſts, Sir, muſt be running o'er.

" Your Oratorios, that expences bred,
" And DUKE of CUMBERLAND*, ſo *dear*, are dead,
" That gave (*'tis ſaid*) your Majeſty much pain—
" The Nation kindly paid your Doctors' bills,
" I mean the WILLISES, for toil and pills,
" That brought you to your Wiſdom, Sire, again—
" Then how can Majeſty be poor?
" Your coffers muſt be running o'er.

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* By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to His Majeſty.

" Cabbage and carrot without end,
" The Windſor Gard'ners† daily ſend;
" Proud that *their* vegetables load the board
" Of Britain's High and Mighty LORD!

" Of this, their glad poſterity ſhall boaſt;
" For ſuch an honour never ſhould be loſt—
" Thus ſhall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
" Crown'd were our great great great Foreſathers' labours;
" Whoſe praiſe through Fame's long trumpet ever rings,
" For giving Cabbages to Kings!

" Preſents of ev'ry ſort of thing are made,
  " Without the ſlighteſt danger of offending
" Either from Gentlemen, or men in trade;
  " Your Majeſties are both ſo condeſcending—

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† Not now,—See the Progreſs of ADMIRATION.

" Folks for acceptance never beg and pray ;
" For preſents never yet were turn'd away.

" People meet much encouragement *indeed*,
" For ſending rarities and pretty things ;
" Although ſuch rarities you do not need—
" Such is the ſweet humility of Kings.
" Then how can Majeſty be poor ?
" Your coffers muſt be running o'er.

" Card-entertainment 'tis you chiefly give,
" By which the Chandlers ſcarce can live—
" For ſoon as e'er you leave the little rout,
" The candles are immediately blown out !
" So quickly ſeiz'd on by ſome candle-ſhark,
" Ladies and Gentlemen are in the dark*.

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* At the breaking-up of a Royal Card-party, this is conſtantly done: —the poor Maids of Honour, and the Gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

" Where what has happen'd, heav'n alone can tell,
" As DARKNESS oft turns pimp t' undo a BELLE."

## ODE III.

SAY to thy King (but, as I've ſaid before,
With due reſpect), " By G—, you can't be poor.
" Sometimes a little Concert is *made up*,
" Where nought is giv'n to eat or ſup—
  " Where MUSIC makes an economic pother;
" Where, with a ſolitary tweedle tweedle,
" A pretty melancholy fiddle
  " Squeaks at the abſence of his little brother,
" Whoſe preſence would be much enjoy'd,
" But coſts *too much* to be employ'd!
" Where FISCHER's inſtrument (a frugal choice)
" Serves both for hautboys and for voice—

" As BILLINGTON and MARA, to the King,
" And that perverſe STORACE would not ſing[*].

" Lo! by ſome WOMAN's order (fie upon her!)
" The pretty, harmleſs, modeſt Maids of Honour
    " Are forc'd to furniſh for their beds, the ſheet;
" The pillow-caſes too, ſays Fame,
" By order of ſome high-commanding Dame,
    " To whoſe ſweet ſoul economy is ſweet.

" Dear Maids of Honour! what a ſin of ſins,
" That Britain can't accommodate your ſkins!

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[*] When MONSIEUR NICOLAI, His MAJESTY's *firſt* favourite, *firſt* fiddle, and *firſt* news-monger, went with His MAJESTY's *Commands* to MADAM ST*****, to aſſiſt at a *ſort* of a concert at Buckingham-Houſe, the Songſtreſs, ſmiling on him with the moſt ineffable contempt, aſked him, " What, NICOLAI, I am to ſing at the *old price*, I ſuppoſe?" meaning nothing—" My compliments to your Maſter " and Miſtreſs, and tell them I am better engaged."

" Poor GENEROSITY is ſadly lam'd ;
  " And yet the noble Beaſt was ne'er rode hard—
" Pale, cold ECONOMY ſeems quite aſham'd,
  " Who never plays an idle card :
" Nay, AVARICE, her mother, with ſurpriſe
" Turns up the whites, ſo ſad, of both her eyes.

" To Wit you nothing give—to Learning nought :
  " Lo, in his garret, MATHEMATICS pines,
" Where, hungry after bread and cheeſe and thought,
  " He forms with Brother Spiders uſeleſs lines.

" Th' expence of New-Year's Ode is felt no more !
" Thus is that needleſs, tuneleſs hubbub o'er :
  " All praiſe muſt center in the Birth-day Song :
" The Virtues muſt be lump'd together—yes !
" And *then* (if *ſubjects* may *preſume* to gueſs)
  " The LAUREAT need not make it very long.

" A *load* of praiſe is nauſeous ſtuff—
" Sire, don't you think, at times, one line enough?
" What's chriſten'd Merit, often wants a crutch—
" Thus then a *ſingle line* may be too much.

" In vain the Firſt of Poets tunes his pipe;
" His whiſtle ne'er ſqueez'd ſixpence from your gripe—
" Vain all Epiſtles, vain his heav'nly Odes:
" No, no! poor Peter may his ſtrain prolong;
" The dev'l a farthing will reward his ſong,
" The ſong that ſhould have celebrated Gods!

" In vain for Royal patronage he ſigh'd;
" In vain (ſome ſay) the modeſt Bard apply'd
" To gain his book your patroniſing name—
" And if this *Bard*, whom all the Nine inſpire,
" Inſtead of generous oil to feed his fire,
" Finds cold cold water flung upon his flame:

"If he, ah! vainly ſighs for dedication,
"Woe to the *witlings* of the Nation!

"What though uncouth his ſhape, and dark his face;
"Whoſe breeding Mother might for charcoal long;
"Still may the BARD abound in verſe and grace,
"And love for Majeſty, *divinely* ſtrong.

"Then heed not, SIRE, a clumſy form ſo fat,
"And *ſombre* phiz, DAME NATURE's work, unkind:
"Great mouſing qualities, with many a cat,
"Of perfect uglineſs, a lodging find.

"Obſerve a fat, black, greaſy lump of coal;
"Lo, to that moſt ungraceful piece of earth,
"A warm and lively luſtre owes its birth;
"A flame in *this world*, pleaſant to the ſoul.

"To ſhapeleſs clouds, that, waggon-like, along
"Move cumb'rous, ſcowling on the twilight heav'n,
"At times, behold, the pureſt ſnows belong!
"To ſuch, of rain the lucid drops are giv'n:
"Nay, mid the maſs ſo murky and forlorn,
"Behold the lightning's vivid beam is born!"

Say—"Mighty Monarch, modeſt MERIT pines,
"Hid like the uſeleſs gem amid the mines.
"*Your* gracious ſmile, which all the world reveres,
"*Your* wealth had open'd her pale cloſing eye,
"Which HOPE once brighten'd with a ſpark of joy,
"And cruel DISAPPOINTMENT quench'd with tears.

# ODE IV.

THEN unto Majeſty ſhalt thou repeat
The lines that are to Majeſty a treat,
Proverbs that economic ſouls revere;
To wit—“ A pin a day 's a groat a year”—
“ A little ſaving is no ſin”—
“ Near is my ſhirt, but nearer is my ſkin”—
“ A penny ſav'd, a penny got”—
“ 'Tis money makes the old mare trot”—
Then ſay, “ With ſuch wiſe counſellors, I'm ſure
“ No Monarch ever can be poor.”

Say too, “ Great Sir, your Queen is very rich—
“ Witneſs the di'monds lodg'd in ev'ry ſtitch

" Of Madam's petticoat*, of broad effulgence;
" Where flame ſuch jewels on its ample field,
" As only to her charms and virtues yield,
" So very noble, God's and Man's indulgence!

Now may'ſt thou raiſe thy tone a little higher—
Not '*Squire*, for that's impertinent, but " SIRE,"
Firm ſhalt thou ſay, " the Realm is not a wizard,
" Quick, with a word, to make the guineas ſtart,
" To pleaſe a Monarch's gold-admiring heart—
" In ſhort, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

" Sire, let me ſay, the Realm will ſmell a rat,
" And cry, ' Oh! oh! I know what you are at—

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* This famous petticoat affordeth a pleaſant hiſtory—one part of which is, that it was watched all night by a certain Great Man, on a particular occaſion, to prevent its being ſtolen.

‘ Is this your cunning, MASTER BILLY PITT?
‘ What, Maſter BILLY! try to *touch* his Grace?
‘ To keep your moſt, moſt honourable place?
‘ Is this your flaming patriotic fit?

‘ Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
‘ The Beaſt hath got *ſome* brains within his ſkull;
‘ A pair of *dangerous horns*, too, let me add;
‘ Dare but to make the generous creature mad.’

Thus may'ſt thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, “ Soft fires, O Monarch, make good malt;
“ The kiln, much forc'd, may blaze about our ears,
“ And then may Fate be buſy with his ſheers—
“ For then, with all his fame, your daring SQUIRE
“ May, rat-like, ſqueak unpitied in the fire.”

Proclaim that Reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel—.
Say, that a King who ſeeks a deathleſs name,
Turns not to News-papers to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a Miniſterial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a Mob.

Inform the Monarch, when he goes to heav'n,
Verſe to his parting ſpirit may be giv'n;
Ev'n PETER's verſe, for which a thouſand ſigh—
Verſe which the POET ev'n to Brutes* can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live,
Yet to a *King* the ſacred gift deny!

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* This is literally true. I, the LYRIC PETER, aſſert, that I have written a moſt beautiful Elegy to an old Friend, a Dying Aſs, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the Kings in Chriſtendom.

Say, “ Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
“ Dread Sir, they are moſt miſerable hacks—
“ How 'tis they bear it all, is my ſurpriſe!
“ I cannot catch another tax indeed,
“ With all your fox-hounds noſes, and my ſpeed,
“ Your humble greyhound, though all teeth and eyes.

“ The State, Sir, you will candidly allow,
“ Has been t'ye a moſt excellent milch cow;
“ For you, ah! many a bucket has been fill'd—
“ But truſt me, Sir, the Cow muſt not be kill'd.

“ So numerous are your wants, and *they* ſo keen,
“ That verily a hundred thouſand pounds
“ Seem juſt as in a bullock's mouth a bean!
“ A pound of butter midſt a pack of hounds!

"Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor—
"Your coffers really muſt be running o'er."

Say, "SIRE, your Wiſdom is prodigious great!
"Then do not put your Servant in a ſweat—
"He hates ſnapdragon—'tis a game of danger—
"The ſound, *more Money*, the whole realm appalls;
"Still, ſtill it vibrates on SAINT STEPHEN's walls;
"Our Beaſt, the PUBLIC, ſoon muſt eat the manger."

Say, "Good my LIEGE, indeed there's no more hay—
"Kind-hearted King, indeed there's no more corn—
"Our Hack, OLD ENGLAND, ſadly falls away;
"Lean as old ROSINANTE, and forlorn."

Say, "SIRE, your Parliament I dare not meet;
"For verily I've ſome remains of grace—

"If forc'd with money-meſſages* to greet,
"Your Majeſty muſt lend me H——RY's face.

"I know what Parliament will ſay, ſo mad—
'More Money, MASTER BILLY! very fine!

G 'The

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* The cry of "More Money, more Money," brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongſt the many, that happened between the KING of the MOSQUITOES and myſelf, in the Government-houſe at JAMAICA, during the adminiſtration of the late SIR WILLIAM TRELAWNY.——His MAJESTY was a very ſtout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheleſs poſſeſſed of the ſublimeſt ideas of Royalty; very riotous, and grievouſly inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, "Mo drink for King, mo drink for King!"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! King no drunk—King no drunk—Mo drink for King—Broder George love drink" (meaning the King of England).

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink: he is a ſober man.

KING.

But King of Moſquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

‘ The *impudence* of Highwaymen, my lad,
‘ By G—! is *perfect modeſty* to *thine*.’
“ SIRE, SIRE, the moment that I mention MONEY,
“ I'm ſure the anſwer will be ‘ NINNY NONNY.”

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## ODE VI.

NOW, PITT, put forth a ſmall prophetic ſound;
Say, “ KINGS ſhould keep their ſtate, but not be rich”—
Yes, ſay, “ they never ſhould with wealth abound,
“ As money might the royal mind bewitch.”
Say, “ Gambling Monarchs *poſſibly* may ſpring,
“ And Stocks be at the mercy of a King—
“ And if for Boroughs ſigh their great affections,
“ Rare buſineſs for the DEVIL at elections!
“ A Monarch offering his own heads and notes—
“ A King and Cobbler quarrelling for votes!”

Then lift thine head, and alſo lift thine eyes,
  And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
Exclaim (as ſtricken with a deep ſurpriſe),
  “ Not that I think a Man who wears a crown
“ Would act ſo meanly, Sir, or ever did—
“ No! God forbid, dread Sovereign—God forbid!”

  Such are my counſels, Pitt.—Thy King, perchance,
May, ſmiling, hear thee oracles advance;
And pitying thee for hinting reformation
To *ſuch* a King of *ſuch* a Nation,
May ſtun thee with two proverbs all ſo pat—
“ What, what, Pitt—‘ Play a jig to an old Cat?’
“ What, preach—what, preach to *me* on *Money*-wit!
‘ *Old Foxes want no tutors,’ Billy Pitt.”

ODE.

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* Reformation is a moſt difficult and dangerous ſubject.—Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent Artiſt, ſome years ago, what was the conſequence?—See the Ode.

*The following Elegy was written on the Royal Scheme of* fattening *Cattle ſolely on Horſe-cheſnuts, which (had it ſucceeded) muſt have been attended with prodigious ſavings. The Bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghoſt!*

# The ROYAL BULLOCKS.

## A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

YE horn'd inhabitants of Windſor Park,
Where reign'd ſweet Hoſpitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the lark?
Why is it that ſo diſmally you roar?

Ah me! I gueſs the cauſe!—our glorious King
Would fatten cattle in the cheapeſt way—

It is, it is, horſe-cheſnuts!—that's the thing
  Which gives each face the cloud of dire diſmay.

Say, do the prickles ſtab each gentle beard?—
  You wiſh t'oblige the King; but ah! with pain
You turn them round and round, to bite *afeard*,
  And faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort ye with better meat—
  God knows I pity ev'ry plaintive tone—
Gladly your gums with turnips would I greet,
  And give the fragrant hay to ſoothe each groan.

Say, are the nuts too ſolid to be chew'd?—
  Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
  But plaint of ev'ry ſort is pour'd in vain.

Condemn'd on ſuch hard fare to ſup and dine,
And often by its ſtubborn nature foil'd,
Perhaps you wiſh it roaſted, gentle Kine,
Or probably you wiſh it ſtew'd or boil'd.

But coals coſt money—labour muſt be ſav'd—
Know, this would prove a great expence indeed:
Ah! Kine, by ſuch economy cloſe-ſhav'd,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths muſt bleed.

Your leanneſs mortifies the King of Nations:
Diſpleas'd, he wonders that you won't grow fat:
Your high back-bones employ his ſpeculations,
Much your poor bellies exerciſe his chat.

The MAN whoſe lofty head adorns a crown,
That ſtoutly ſtudies bullocks, pigs, and books,

Wants much to ſee you knock'd by butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murm'ring creatures, life is vaſtly ſweet—
For life, were I a bullock, I ſhould ſigh:
Much rather make a ſacrifice to meat;
*Live* on *horſe-cheſnuts*, than on *turnips* die.

## A MORAL REFLECTION

### ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

HOW can the eye, in Nature's ſoftneſs dreſt,
So harden'd, ſee the different tribes around;
Behold the grazing cattle all ſo bleſt,
And lambkins mingling ſport, with ſweeteſt ſound;

Then gliſt'ning, in a ſtrain of triumph cry,
" Your throats, young gentlefolks, will ſoon be cut—

"*You*, ſweet Miſs Lamb, moſt ſpeedily ſhall die—
"Soon on the ſpit, you, Maſter Calf, be put."

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noiſe
Of gooſe, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock and hen,
Exclaim, "Aye, aye, good fowls, your cackling joys
"Soon ceaſe, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?"

I cannot meet the lambkin's aſking eye,
Pat her ſoft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then ſay, "Ere evening cometh, thou ſhalt die,
"And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood."

I cannot fling with lib'ral hand the grain,
And tell the feather'd race ſo bleſt around,
"For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
"With broken necks you flutter on the ground."

How vile!—" Go, creatures of th' Almighty's hand;
" Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;
" Graze at your eaſe along the ſunny land;
" Skim the free air, and ſearch the fruitful fields—

" Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
" No violence ſhall ſhake your ſhelter'd home;
" 'Tis life and liberty ſhall glad my groves;
" The cry of Murder ſhall not damn my dome;"

*Thus* ſhould I ſay, were mine a houſe and land—
And lo, to me a parent ſhould you fly,
And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand,
And crowd around me with a fearleſs eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
To bleſs, and to be bleſt, at PETER's call,
Invited by his kindneſs, ſhould repair;
Chirp on his roof, and hop amidſt his hall.

No ſchoolboy's hand ſhould dare your neſts invade,
And bear to cloſe captivity your Young—
Pleas'd would I ſee them flutt'ring from the ſhade,
And to my window call the ſons of ſong.

And You, O natives of the flood, ſhould play
Unhurt amid your chryſtal realms, and ſleep:
No hook ſhould tear you from your loves away;
No net ſurrounding form its fatal ſweep.

Pleas'd ſhould I gaze upon your gliding throng,
To ſport invited by the ſummer beam;
Now moving in moſt ſolemn march along,
Now darting, leaping from the dimpled ſtream.

How far more grateful to the ſoul the joy,
Thus cheerful, like a ſet of friends, to treat ye,
Than, like the bloated Epicure, to cry,
"Zounds! what rare dinners!—God! how I could eat ye!"

# ELEGY ON MY DYING ASS, *PETER*.

FRIEND of my youthful days, for ever paſt,
When whim and harmleſs folly rul'd the hour;
Ah! art thou ſtretch'd amid the ſtraw at laſt!—
Theſe eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Bleſt, would I ſoften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life ſupply.—
O PETER, bleſt would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamleſs eye.

But wherefore wiſh?—Thy lot is that of all—
Thy Friend who mourns, muſt yield to Nature's law—
Like thee muſt ſink—and o'er each dark'ning ball,
Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou lifteſt up thy feeble head,
And mark'ſt me dimly, with a dumb adieu—
And thus amid thy hopeleſs looks I read,
" Faint is thy Servant, and his moments few—

" With thee no longer bleſt, the lanes I tread—
" Thoſe times, ſo happy, are for ever o'er—
" Ah! why ſhould Fate ſo cruel cut our thread,
" And part a friendſhip that muſt meet no more?

" Oh! when theſe lids ſhall cloſe (the will of Fate),
" Oh! let in peace theſe aged limbs be laid—
" Mid that lov'd field which ſaw us oft of late,
" Beneath our fav'rite willow's ample ſhade.

" And if my Maſter chance to wander nigh,
" Beſide the ſpot where PETER's bones repoſe;

" Oh! let your Servant claim one little ſigh—
" Grant this—and, bleſt, theſe eyes for ever cloſe."

Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes—*thy* wiſh is *mine*—
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—
There ſhall the ſod, the greeneſt ſod, be thine;
And there the brighteſt flow'r of Spring ſhall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footſtep draws,
Thy turf ſhall ſurely catch thy Maſter's eye;
There on thy ſleep of death ſhall Friendſhip pauſe,
Dwell on paſt days, and leave thee with a ſigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
When Innocence upon our actions ſmil'd!—
What though AMBITION ſcorn'd our humble pow'rs,
Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam;
How oft we wander'd at the peep of morn;
Till Night would wrap the world in ſpectred gloom,
And Silence liſten'd to the Beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy;
The various trophies by thy fleetneſs won;
And boaſt that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by nameſake **Peter** done.

Yes, yes, (for grief muſt yield at times to glee)
Amidſt my friends I oft will tell our tale;
When lo, thoſe friends will ruſh thy ſod to ſee,
And call thy peaceful region **Peter's Vale.**

# An ACADEMIC ODE.

[*This Ode was written ſome years ſince, and was miſlaid; but is* fortunately *recovered.—It hinteth at the univerſal rage for Reputation, and attacketh Painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of Criticiſm.*]

ALAS! who has not fondneſs for a name?
Lo, Nature wove it in our infant frame!
  From ear-*delighters*, down to ear-*confounders*,
Each vainly fancies he poſſeſſes killing tones;
Ev'n from the MARAS and the BILLINGTONS,
  Down to the wide-mouth raſcals crying flounders—
Nay, Watchmen deem their merits no ways ſmall,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud too of that inſtrument the Rattle,
That draws the hobbling Brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,
The Painters hate to hear their faults diſplay'd—
And though I ſing them in the *beſt* of rhimes,
Such are the reformation-curſing times,
The fooliſh fellows really wiſh me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear—
My Tale, too, proveth it, as noon day clear.

## The TALE of VAN TRUMP.

MYNHEER VAN TRUMP, who painteth very well,
Flam'd at my gentle criticiſms, like hell—
" Poor Vretch (cried TRUMP), I'm much dat Rogue's
ſuperiors—
" Ven he, poor louſy dog, be ded an rot,
" Van Trump by Peepels vil not be forgot,
" But lif in all de mouths of my Poſteriors"—

Meaning indeed by this ſeverity,
His name would live to all *poſterity.*

Upon a day, ſome goodly folks and fine,
Arriv'd, to barter praiſe for beef and wine;
Academicians were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with Van and Vrow.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work—
So ſticking in a fowl's ſweet breaſt her fork—
" I wiſh this fork" (quoth angry Madam Trump,
Wriggling from ſide to ſide her angry rump)
  " Were now as deep in Peter Pindar's heart."
" Vell zed—dat's clever—Jantelmans, dat's vit,"
Quoth Van—" ſpake it vonce more, my dear, a bit—
  " Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my Vrow's dam ſmart?

"Now, Jantelmans, I ax you if you pleaſe,"
Roar'd Van, upſtarting—catching fire like tinder—
"Will drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
"Come, Sirs, 'Damnation to dat Peter Pindar.'"
Plump down the great Academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' *immortal* Bard to hell!

Such, I'm aſham'd to ſay, 's the dev'liſh mind
Contaminating poor Mankind.

Here too a little Moral may be ſeen—
Reformers are good folks the Million hate;
And who, if hang'd, or ſhot, or burnt, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out, *too late*.

# The PROGRESS of ADMIRATION;

## Or, The WINDSOR GARDENERS.

WHEN firſt their MAJESTIES to Windſor went,
Lo, almoſt ev'ry mouth was rent—
With what?—with gaping on the royal pair:
Indeed from Eaſt and Weſt and North and South,
Arriv'd large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feaſt on Majeſty their gape and ſtare.

Not PUNCH, the mighty PUNCH, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together ſuch a herd of folk:

Amongſt the thouſands full of admiration,
Appear'd fair Windſor's GARDENING NATION,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches—

They humbly came their Majeſties to greet,
Begging their Majeſties to come and treat,
On ev'ry ſort of fruit, their grand Allforches.
The couple ſmil'd aſſent, and aſk'd no queſtions—
Reſolv'd to gratify their great digeſtions.

Forth went his Majeſty, ſo condeſcending—
Forth went our gracious Queen, the fruits commending—
Munching away at a majeſtic rate.
The Gardeners ſaw themſelves beſpread with glory;
Told unto all the ale-houſes the ſtory;
Which houſes did again the tale relate.
Yes, they were all ſo pleas'd that their poor things
Should find ſuch favour in the mouths of Kings—
So happy at the ſudden turn of fate,
As though they all had found a great eſtate.

With awe ſo ſtricken were the Gardeners mute—
So ſharp they ey'd them as they ate their fruit—
Marv'ling to find that ſuch as wear a crown
Had actions very much like theirs in eating;
And that they mov'd, when pines and nect'rines greeting,
Their jaws like other people, *up* and *down*;
And that, like other folks, they ate a deal—
Making (that is to ſay) a ploughman's meal.

And now the Gardeners, all ſo glorious, wanted
To ſend to Majeſty rare things—'twas granted.
Both horſe and foot ſo labour'd to embark it!
So much indeed unto their GRACES came,
In conſequence of this moſt loyal flame,
The palace look'd like Covent-Garden Market.

And lo, their Majeſties went forth each day,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay:
The Gardeners met them with beſt looks and bows;
And then the royal reputation rais'd—
The vegetable wiſdom highly prais'd
Of George the glorious, and his glorious Spouſe.

They told of Windſor town the gaping throng,
What taſte did unto Majeſty belong;
As how they pick'd the *beſt*—ſtrange to relate too—
As how their eyes were of ſuch lofty ſtature;
Fill'd with ſo much ſublimity their nature,
They look'd not on an onion or potatoe—
Which ſhow'd a noble patroniſing ſpirit,
And prov'd that ev'n in fruit they favour'd merit.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder;
Prepare thee now to hear a ſound like thunder—
The Gardeners, lo, with Majeſty grew tir'd!
No more, their gracious Viſitors deſir'd!
In ſhort, when Monarchs did themſelves diſplay,
The Gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away;
Finding a *ſort* of *vacuum* 'mongſt their fruit,
That did not much their ſcheme of thriving ſuit.
For Majeſty gives nought to ſubjects, mind—
Honour and Money would be much too kind:
The royal ſmile, and guinea's glorious rays,
Like SEMELE[*], would kill them with the blaze.

They now began exalted birth to *ſmoke*,
And fancy Monarchs much like common folk—

Therefore

[*] The ſtory of SEMELE, not being known to every one, is this:—the young Lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, periſhed amidſt the ſublime effulgence of the God.

Therefore no more, when Majeſties were coming,
Whiſtling and laughing, ſmiling, ſinging, humming,
They gap'd, and bleſſing their too happy eyes,
Leap'd at their preſence, juſt like fiſh at flies.

Thus did thoſe fellows run from Queen and King;
Which ſhows the *changeful* folly of mankind—
By growing tir'd and ſick of a good thing,
To actual happineſſes blind!
For what in this our earthly world can ſpring,
That's equal to a glorious King?
What in this world of wonders can be ſeen,
That's equal to a charming Queen?

To fancy otherwiſe, alas! what ſin it is!
From ſuch profane opinion how I ſhrink!—
There muſt be *ſomething great*, for *they* too think
They're Gods, or Couſins of Divinities!

No more the dogs the Gard'ners ponder'd how
To ſay fine words, and make a pretty bow:
  No more they felt a choaking in the throat:
No more look'd up and down, and wink'd aſkew,
Poor ſouls, and, ſilly, wiſt not what to do,
  When with ſuch awe the royal viſage ſmote.

No, no! the ſcene was moſt completely alter'd—
No longer like ſome ſtupid jack-aſs halter'd,
Beſide a miller's door, or gate, or poſt,
In ſeeming meditation loſt,
To Majeſty were drawn their heads ſo thick—
No—they were off—all admiration-ſick.

Such is ſad Repetition, O ye Gods!
And this may really happen to my Odes!

Men of huge titles and exalted places,
  Should at a diſtance commonly be ſeen—
Eyes ſhould not be familiar with their faces;
  Then WONDER goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, NOVELTY's a barber's ſtrap or hone,
  That keenneſs to the razor-paſſions gives:
USE weareth out this barber's ſtrap or ſtone;
  Thus 'tis by NOVELTY, ENJOYMENT lives.

In *Love*, a ſweet example let us ſeek—
I have it—CYNTHIA's ſoft luxuriant neck—
  Fix'd on the charm, how pleas'd the eye can dwell!
How ſighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouſe-like, and on the ſnowy hills to ſleep,
  Rais'd by the moſt delicious ſwell;
Like Gulls, thoſe birds that riſe, and now ſubſide,
Borne on the boſom of the ſilver tide.

But let the breaſt be common—all's undone;
Wiſhes, and ſighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Deſire lies dead upon the gazeleſs eye.
Sunk into inſipidity is rapture!
Thus finiſheth of Love the ſimple chapter.

This is a pretty leſſon, though not new;
A leſſon fit for Gentile or for Jew—
For LOVE, the cooing, ſweet, perſuaſive pigeon,
Gains all the globe indeed to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble vot'ries pray,
And worſhip him exactly the ſame way.——
Other Religions kill—are torn by ſtrife—
LOVE *kiſſes*, and, what's ſweeter ſtill, gives *Life!*

# ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES:

## AN ODE.

Ah, Virtues! you are pretty-looking creatures;
But then ſo meek and feeble in your natures!—
Thou charming Chastity now, *par exemple*,
Who guard'ſt the luſcious lip, and ſnowy breaſt,
And all that maketh wiſhing ſhepherds bleſt,
Forbidding thieves on ſacred ground to trample.

Appear but Love, the ſavage, all is loſt;
Faint, trembling, bluſhing, thou giv'ſt up the ghoſt:
Lo, there's an end of all thy mincing care!
The field ſo guarded, in the Tyrant's pow'r;
Each fence torn down, deſpoil'd each moſſy bow'r,
All, all is rudely plunder'd, and laid bare.

VIRTUES! you *blunder'd* on our world, I fear—
Deſign'd for ſome more *gentle* ſphere;
Where the wild PASSIONS ſtorm ye not, nor teaze ye;
Where ev'ry animal 's a mild MARCHESI.

I know your parentage and education—
Born in the ſkies—a lofty habitation—
But for a *perfect* ſyſtem were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended*.

How could you think the PASSIONS to withſtand,
Thoſe roaring BLADES, ſo out of all command,
Whoſe ſlighteſt *touch* would pull you all to pieces?
*They* are GOLIAHS—you but *little* MISSES!
Then pray go home again, each *pretty* DEAR—
You but *diſgrace* yourſelves by coming *here*.

## The PROGRESS of KNOWLEDGE.

A Mighty POTENTATE, of *ſome* diſcerning,
Inquiſitive indeed! and fond of learning,
From Windſor oft danc'd down to Eton College,
To make himſelf a pincuſhion of knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little ſcraps
Of Cæſar, Alexander, and ſuch chaps.

There would he oft harangue the MASTER,
On HOMER, VIRGIL, PINDAR, my relation,
Faſt as a jack-fly, very often faſter—
Now jack-flies have a ſweet acceleration.
Oft aſk'd he queſtions about ancient Kings—
Nat'ral! becauſe ſo like himſelf—Great things!

He aſk'd if CÆSAR ever did inſiſt,
That if his Miniſter would keep his place,
That Miniſter ſhould always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of CIVIL LIST;

Whether great CÆSAR ever ſent his ſons,
To ſtudy all the Claſſics and great guns,
And bring of art and ſcience home a ſtore,
To GOTTINGEN (his money wiſely hoarding),
As Gottingen is vaſtly cheap for boarding
Young Gentlemen whoſe Parents are but poor—

He aſk'd if CÆSAR's ſoul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
What went into the pot, or on the ſpit—
How much in houſe-keeping they yearly ſpent,
And if, like honeſt folks, they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor, a bit—

If **Cæsar** ever to a Brewhouſe went,
With Lords and Ladies of his Court ſo grand,
And hours on hops and hoops and hogſheads ſpent,
So wiſe, with ſome great **Whitbread** of the land;
And tarried till he did the Brewer tire,
And made the Brewer's horſe and dog *admire*;
And curious Draymen into hogſheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bungholes peeping—

Whether great **Cæsar** was ſo ſly an elf,
As from the very ſervants to inquire;
And know much better than the 'Squire *himſelf*,
The buſineſs of each neighb'ring Squire—

As why the Coachman Jerry went away;
Which of the Drivers, Joan the Cook defil'd;
Which of the Footmen with Susanna lay,
And got the charming Chamber-maid with child—

He aſk'd if Cæſar's ſervants all
Were, cat-like, all good mouſers, earn'd their wages;
Sought news from ſtreet and tavern, bulk and ſtall,
Like NICOLAI, the Prince of pages;
And whether Cæſar, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor trav'ling LOUSE, and ſhav'd his Cooks—

If Cæſar's Miniſter gave half-a-crown
To ſhoe-blacks, and the ſweepers of the town,
To howl, and ſwear, and clap him at the Play;
And when unto the Senate-houſe he rode,
To ſpread their ell-wide lantern jaws abroad,
And roar moſt bull-like when he came away.

He aſk'd if Julius Cæſar's wife
Had ever Maids of Honour in her life,
Like any modern economic Queen;

And if, of ſaving wiſdom full,
The ſaving Empreſs ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed ſo very keen,

That all thoſe honourable Maids,
Who wiſh'd to ſleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchaſe their own ſheets and pillow-caſes,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces—

Whether great Cæſar lov'd humility,
That is, in ſubjects only, viz. Nobility;
And eke the Commons, deem'd a vulgar maſs,
Form'd by the wiſdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heav'nly load,
Juſt like a camel, elephant, or aſs—

If Cæſar cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butch'ring ſtrongly did incline;

Sold geeſe and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
  And fatten'd cows, and calves, and ſheep, and ſwine;
In rams ſurpaſs'd him (of ram-glory full),
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He aſk'd if Cæſar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepar'd with *ſtrange* accounts to meet him,
And in his pigs and ſheep and bullocks cheat him;
And whether Cæſar did not ſlily watch him—
And what were Cæſar's traps to catch him—

If, like PEG NICHOLSON, on miſchief buſy,
  A Mantua-maker drew a ruſty knife,
To cleave the Emperor in twain, the huſſey,
  Fright'ning the Emperor out of his life—

He aſk'd if Italy was half ſo bleſt
As England, in that Prince of Painters, WEST;

And if there ever liv'd in Rome's great town
A man who *ſtole*, like REYNOLDS, a renown;
A man indeed, whoſe daubing bruſh
Puts Painting, the ſweet damſel, to the bluſh—
Then aſk'd if Cæſar ever had the heart
To give a ſhilling to the glorious Art.

He aſk'd if Cæſar, 'midſt his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well dous'd by ruſhing rains;
Not caring ev'n a ſingle fig,
Although they ſpoil'd a bran-new wig;
Joining the doughty regiments of death,
On ſome wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He aſk'd if Cæſar ever ſtar'd *abroad*,
(Inſtead of ſtaring, as he ought, at *home*)
For Architects with traſh the land to load,
And raiſe of gaudy gingerbread a DOME*:

---

* The Royal Academy.

Such as is rais'd by that rare Swede Sir Will,
The grinning mouth of Ridicule to fill—

—

Whether the curious Cæſar ſent to Greece,
For ſtatues coſting heav'n knows what a-piece;
Then putting under ground a world's rare boaſt*,
To entertain a toad or ghoſt.

---

* A caſt, and the only one, of the famous Farnese Hercules, having been procured by a conſiderable expence, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the Students of the Royal Academy, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thruſt away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculated for the ſupport of Butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following ſhort dialogue was written on the occaſion:—

A Dialogue between Two Statues, in an upper Room of the Royal Academy.

*Firſt Statue.*

"What keeps old Hercules *below*,
"A fellow of ſuch rare renown?

*Second Statue.*

"Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
"Should *he* come *up*, *we* all go *down*."

Such were the queſtions, with a thouſand more,
He aſk'd, to ſwell of knowledges the ſtore;
That fell like ſtarlings on the ear, in flocks—
Sure keys for opening MOTHER WISDOM's locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of TIME;
A thief who, with a ſacrilegious pride,
Delighteth ſomething ev'ry day to hide,
Sacks full of proſe and ſweetly-ſounding rhime.

Such queſtions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The monkey boys to mimic ſoon began—
And lo, of mimicry the ſaucy trick,
Like wildfire through the College ran.
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no ſuch thing—
Thus ev'ry little raſcal was a king!

This, **Fame**, who ſeldom leſſens ſounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the Royal ear—
The conſequence, the **School** had cauſe to rue—
To ſchools, the Monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mention'd **Cæsar** more!

## THE END.

[illegible]

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